

The History of

And comes not in, over-rulde by prophesies,
I feare, the power of Percy is too weake,
To wage an instant tryall with the King.

Sir M. Why, my good Lord, you neede not feare,
There is *Douglas*, and Lord *Mortimer*.

Arch. No, *Mortimer* is not there.

Sir M. But there is *Merdaie*, *Vernon*, *L. Harry Percy*,
And there is my Lord of *Worcester*, and a head
Of gallant warriours, noble Gentlemen.

Arch. And so there is, but yet the King hath drawn
The speciall head of all the Land together.

The *Prince of Wales*, Lord *John of Lancaster*,

The noble *Westmerland*, and warlike *Blunt*;

And many moe Corriuales, and deare men
Of estimation, and command in armes.

Sir M. Doubt not, my Lord, he shall be well oppos'd.

Arch. I hope no lesse; yet, needfull 'tis to feare,
And to prevent the worst, *Sir Michell*, speed:

For if Lord *Percy* thrive not ere the King

Dismiss his power, he meanes to visit us,

For he hath heard of our confederacy;

And 'tis but wisdome to make strong against him;

Therefore make haste, I must goe write againe

To other friends, and so farewell, *Sir Michell*.

Enter the King, Prince of Wales, Lord John of Lancaster, Earl
of Westmerland, Sir Walter Blunt, and Falstaffe.

King. How bloodily the Sunne begins to peere
Above yon busky hill! the day looks pale
At his distemperature.

Prin. The Southerne winde
Doth play the trumpet to his purposes,
And by hollow whistling in the leaves,
Foretels a tempest and a blustering day.

King. Then with the losers let it sympathize,
For nothing can seeme foule to those that winne.

The Trumpet sounds.

King. How now my Lord of *Worcester*? 'tis not well
That you and I should meete upon such tearmes,

Henry the

As now we meete. You have d
And made us doffe our easie R
To crush our old uneasie limbs
This is not well, my Lord, this
What say you to it? will you
This churlish knot of all abhor
And more in that obedient orb
Where you did give a faire and
And be no more an exhal'd M
A prodigy of feare, and a port
Of broched mischief to the un

Wor. Heare me, my Liege:

For mine own part, I could be
To entertaine the lag-end of my
With quiet houres: For I pro
I have not fought the day of t

King. You have not fought i

Fals. Rebellion lay in his w

Prin. Peace, Chewet, peace

Wor. It pleas'd your Majesty

Of favour, from my selfe, and a

And yet I must remember you

We were the first and dearest o

For you, my Staffe of office di

In *Richards* time, and posted da

To meete you on the way, and

When yet you were in place, a

Nothing so strong and fortunat

It was my selfe, my Brother, an

That brought you home, and

The danger of the time. You f

And you did sweare that oath

That you did nothing of purpo

Nor claime no further, then you

The seate of *Gant*, Duke of *L*

To this, we sware our ayde: b

It rained down, Fortune show

And such a flood of Greatnesse f